Bartholomew Fair;

OR, THE

Humours of Smithfield.

Sung by Mr. JOHANNOT.

Tune—*The Pyeman.*

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O Bartlemey, Bartlemey Fair;
That ſcene of confuſion and frolic,
Such wonderful doings are there,
'Twould cure an old maid of the cholic:
There's ſauſages frying in greaſe,
No one can diſlike but a ſnarler,
Black puddings a penny a-piece,
'Walk in and ſit down in my parlour.'
Ri um ti idity um, &c.

There's round-abouts, wild beaſts, and monkies,
And alſo the wonderful pig!
There's gentlemen riding on donkies,
And gin for the ladies to ſwig:
There's conjurors, giants, and witches,
With—Show 'em up, ſhow 'em up there,
There's gingerbread cocks, ſir, and breeches,
And buttons a farthing a pair.
Ri um ti idity, &c.

O then if you walk but about,
There's "here is your nuts, up and win 'em,"
There's fighting both in door and out,
And pockets with nothing within 'em;
There's fairings of every kind,
There's waggons, with coaches and ſix
Aye, and what I wou'd have you to mind—
A great many *ſlight of hand tricks:*
Ri um ti idity, &c.

There's, 'who's for a ride round the fair,
Step into my coach, miſs, and reſt?'
'O no, ſir, (ſays ſhe), I declare,
I love a ſweet up and down beſt."
There's fortunes told here in a trice,
With huſbands for thoſe that have tarried,
There's 'O, then, I'm ſure that is nice,
Dear me, how I long to be *married.*'
Ri um ti idity, &c.